had a curious sound, sergeant. No wonder it skert a woman. It was like a

dying beast in a cage." "I heerd it." The sergeant hurried away from the subject, and so did Joe. It was the happiest evening since they came into their new home. The work and bustle of moving were over, as well as the hard struggle of years, and the warm, oniet sense of home was real for the first

oldest boy, having been admitted as a special grace to sit up for supper, prowled about the room, to the discomfort of ev- his task yet unfinished. erybody but his mother and Winny, who Finally he crept up into an old leather as though a ghost had stood among them. name that will ever sit in that place."

the boy hastily up, holding him tight to his grubbing again. her breast and rocking him to sleep,

morbid, silly imagination and long cherto Ludlow the purchase of the stove and ing of them. old pieces of furniture which would make it habitable for him. He took a there was a little shop where he was keen delight in donning the rusty wig and half worn old Quaker dress which | dies: he showed himself but once or Ludlow bought him, and had all the tri- twice at the counter, and then it was umph of a successful actor when Joe, on | with so ghastly and haggard a face his visit of inquiry to the house a week that Mrs. Ryan, the shopkeeper, whose later, was baffled by the deaf old man heart was clean and sweet under her who peered at him through spectacles, dirty woolen sacque, offered all sorts brushing alongside of him whilehe gutb cred his fagot of wood. Perhaps the first Heath refused it surlily, and crept back month of his solitary sojourn there was to his den, as he thought, to die. Some the most satisfying of Leonard Heath's low, intermittent fever had sapped all life. It had all the strong lines and Rem- the strength out of him. But not the brandt shadows of a melodrama. There obstinacy. He kept his secret, would was the utter solitude, the ghosts of the not summon a physician. In the long, long dead inmates of the old homestead, | feverish nights he had called for Winny the tedious work of search, and behind every moment the splendid possibility of the treasure and sudden opening of the | purpose remained firm. enchanted gates of which it was the key. It did not dull a whit his zest of enjoyment to remember the dismay and anguish he had caused at home. He gloated over it rather, picturing his return among them loaded with his fairy-like gifts. In his long, solitary evenings, sitting over the stove, he used to plan his home-coming in a hundred different ways, for he was but a boy, under all,

and an affectionate boy. He had read accounts of the finding of long-murdered men, and he liked to compare his own story with them. But hey were but commonplace mysteries.

His was like some wondrous tale. He found the cellars under the house full of out-of-the-way crannies and damp recesses. Two or three times a day he feit his hand upon the treasure. Once a heap of old papers fell out of one cob-web covered shelf. He found again a coal bin half filled with worm eaten ledgers, Disappointments, but disappointments that served to heat still more his sanguine fancy.

Weeks crept into months, and then Leonard began to grow hungry for something outside of the treasure or its promise. He had not calculated on his own weakness. At times his solitude was intolerable. There were days when he would have given up all for the sound of a word from Winny or one sight of Joe's sooty face.

He used to steal back to look in the lighted windows in the evenings, hang round the road all day, in the hope that some of the family might pass that way, with a mingled relief and bitter anger if they did, and they did not recognize

But this fever of homesickness in time lost its force. In his own long failure, Joe's steady, moderate success began to good and madden him. He gradually ceased to plan for Winny or Joe: passion and love cooled into morbid, sorrowful remembrance. Real life to him was narrowed down to success-the hidden treasure. The little canker of avarice, which in the boy's original nature was as inconsiderable as the leprons spot on the stately walls of the Jew's dwelling, began to slowly eat its deadening and certain way.

It is a history which we have no mind to follow minutely. The lad was a brave, gallant, candid lad. The love of money creeps on many such as he, like a parasite on a sturdy tree, leaving all beneath it poisonous and rotten. You can find such young men in every shop or street. Leonard, shut by his love of dramatic effect into this solitude. fell a quicker victim. For the first year or two he used to prowl in his disguise out in the evenings-even made some eating house acquaintances; but the zest of adventure soon palied; when among men of his own age, his gray beard and assumed treble became loathsome and disgusting to him. Yet he could not lay them off, and so surrender the wealth which the next day might yield.

For the idea of the treasure grew and grew like a noxious living thing within him, devouring all healthier natural strength. He searched in old books for cayed stuffs and clothes, and crumbled accounts of recovered estates, and studied the English law on every point that which his light duly broke, closed becould help him hereafter. He was re- hind him; he was shut in by it; thick, wived not to be altogether a tool in the | damp, ill smelling night; the horror of hands of Ludlow. That worthy, how- it came upon him-the horror of darkever, after the second year of unsuccessful effort, appeared to have surrendered | brave beating of his heart, no cry with all hope of success; he forwarded regularly the small sum due to Heath for his So worn out was he, so dead was every care of the house-a sum sufficient to nerve which would have thrilled with keep alive-but ceased to even inquire triumph.

as to the progress of his search. After a time he used to send the money in a blank paper. This circumstance of slime. He groped on his way. The stung Leonard with a certain terrible tunnel widened into a narrow room, a knew his real name. These quarterly the roof. There was a blackened heap letters with their few words inside to upon the ledge, overgrown with brown "Leonard Heath," were the sole tie that and blood colored fungus. Heath put held his old self bound to his fellow men. down his lantern, his hands trembling:

been called a same man, so entirely did letters on it, which he spelled out the one idea master and trample out of slowly: sight all others. There was, however, method in his madness. The present belouging to the Heath family."

house he knew had been built by the Fontaines on or near the original Heath nomestead. The covered entrance, therefore, to the secret vault could not be many rods removed from it. Beginning in the cellars, he subjected every fool of ground within an acre of the house to probing and digging. The ground was rocky. It was impossible to guess how deep the trance had been covered by the fall-Only once it was jarred. Leonard, Joe's ing walls of the house. Obliged to work secretly, and much of the time at night, it is no wonder that years passed with

A man does not sink into the nature vied with each other in spoiling him. of a greedy, soulless polypus at one un-Finally he crept up into an old leather broken fall. There were times when chair that stood vacant, shining in the Leonard Heath came up out of the pits firelight, in the warmest corner, curied of yellow clay in which he dug, and up his fat legs and prepared to go to sleep. stood staring with dulled eyes down the There was a sudden silence in the room, sunny slopes of grass dotted with golden dandelions, or into the dusky lines It was the first time since Leonard Heath of forest trees that shut him in. He had disappeared that his place had been | had never, in his best moments, been a filled, though the chair had waited va- man akin to nature, or cognizant of her cant through all those years. They secrets, yet there weighed upon him were superstitious, and this was a sure now a sense of bitter loss-of having omen to them of his death. "Let the fallen below the level of manhood by child stay," cried his mother, with a some unknown misstep which he could pale face; "he is the only one of his never regain. He would walk feebly about a while, as though trying to grope But Winny shook her head and took at some lest idea, and then go back to

Sometimes, on quiet Sunday afterwhile her eves rested on the place left vacant, as though she had the second with their sweethearts would saunter Leonard Heath knew now what he was sight, and Leonard Heath sat there alive down the lane and into the woodstheir gay dresses all a-flutter in the sun and wind, and their chatter and laugh-It had not been difficult for Leonard ter echoing through the trees. Now, the to evade all pursuit. There was some old man, as they called him, was in the thing in his secret flight, in the under- habit of following the boys about who taking itself, that suited precisely his came nutting there, and try very timidly to join in their talk or jokes, but ished dreams of remauce. He hid him- when these lovers came he hid himself elf in the old Fontaine house, leaving in the house, out of all sight and hear-

> One winter the old man was missed; used to go to buy a bit of meat or canof womaniy help to the lone creature. and Joe; the long starved heart woke to torture him. But in the morning his

There was but one treasure in lifewealth. If that was lost-what did death

Yet, during the ensuing summer, he made but few efforts in his old search; used to sit for hours in the sun, half asleep-an old, broken man, in truth.

It was by accident, at last, that success came to him. He was groping one day in the cellar for coal, when he dislodged a loose stone, and a blast of cold, damp air met him. On removing part of the wail, a narrow bricked passage was revealed running underground. But Heath was only able to penetrate a few feet. There the roof of the tunnel had fallen in, and he was met by a solid mass of rock and earth hardened for half a century. His strength being gone, it was the work of months to remove this mass and the others which met him in his progress. It was late in the full before he forced a way through the last obstacle, and saw the tunnel open clear before him. It ran to so great a distance under the woods that he fancied it must have had formerly some outer opening and served as a

secret passage. It was a good bright morning armed with a pickax and a bundle of short candles for his lantern, he entered the tunnel to end his search. The low roof, dripping with moisture, would not permit him to stand upright. He crept on into the long black vault, half bent, peering from side to side, the mellow gleam of his lantern flinging fantastic shadows; but nothing met his eyes except the green patches of mold that furred the walls and the black, flitting shapes like gigantic bats that moved before him.

His breath failed him as he moved, Surely, his hand was upon the treasure



now! It had cost him dear, It was strange that in this final moment of success he should remember, as never before, what it had cost him.

He turned over heap after heap with his staff, but they appeared to be deat his touch into dust. The darkness, ness and cold. There was no joyful, which the young man hails his victory.

The ground grow boggy under his keeping -Life feet, the bricks having sunk into a bed Ludlow was the only man who stone ledge ran about it, half way to Now that was cut loose he was like one | tore off the darap vegetable matter and found a copper case, with a lid screwed After that I think he could never have on tightly. There were some black

"Title deed of real estate in Liverpool

""I have a place in the world," gasped Leonard Heath, patting the cold metal to his face, as though it had been a living thing.

He turned presently to take up his lantern. The flame was driven out suddenly by a rush of cold air; there was a sound as of distant thunder. The walls of the tunnel had fallen behind him! he was buried in a living grave!

The church bells began to ring. He could hear them, dulled and sweet, then they were silent. No lower sound could reach him. But it was worth recording, that through the final pain and horror of the night which settled down upon him he heard the hirds twittering in the trees overhead, heard the grasshoppers chirp in the grass. There were voices reached him, too-voices which had long been silent; Bess calling to her baby, Winny singing an old Scotch lament of which she once was fond. He knew it was but the delirium of old thoughts unchained, unruled by his will, But the tears wet his eyes for the first time for many years.

Three days passed, and Heath yet The candles he had brought nourished him for a time. When they were gone he sat down passive. held the treasure in his hand, the deeds to his place in the world, but he was a man in utter darkness, starving to death for a mouthful of food. Thought comes Leonard Heath knew now what he was: homeless, nameless, with neither wife, child nor friend to search for his bones, or to say, with ever so little regret, "He was here, and he is gone."

The bubble on the river would break and die not less unmissed than he. The physical torture of starvation gave him not so much suffering as to know this at last. He cried aloud. It seemed to him, so terrible was the pain of soul which thus uttered itself, that God himself must hear and answer. But the religion; they set up looms, mills, schools and shock of his voice only loosened the pebbles from the wall, and they rolled rattling to the ground.

Toward the close of the third day, when he lav down in a new place on the bricks, a gust of damp air struck his face. Then it occurred to him to wonder why the vault had been free from noxious gases. There must be some opening to the outer air. Roused and startled, he dragged himself up and congressmen argued long about the national crawled to the wall from whence the draught came. The earth was lightly heaped; he cleared it away and found a passage. It was, in fact, a continuation of the tunnel in the opposite direction, but Heath was too weak to reason. How long he was in creeping through

he never knew. There was a blast of cool night air; a heavy mass of tangled vines brushed in his face; he thrust them aside; a soft light glimmered before his eyes; it was the blue heaven studded with stars.

Leonard Heath crept out of the break in the bank and stood in a quaint old fashioned garden about a cottage. A bird, frightened in its sleep, chirped in its nest in the cherry tree beside him; the path ran between rows of privet bushes and crimson altheas; the damp night air was fragrant with the scent of spice pinks.

But in the evening air there came also the sound of a woman's voice singing an vou please-and as the majority went with the old Scotch lament. The door of the house was partly made of glass, and a bright fire light shone through it. He went to it. Some figures, which his dim eyes could scarcely distinguish, were gathered about the hearth. But in the warmest corner an old leathern chair shone cheer-

fully, vacant and waiting, Then he opened the door, and, with feeble cry, stood before them.

Later in the night, when Leonard Heath, warmed and clothed and fed, sat in the long vacant seat and they all gathered about him, he unfastened the copper case. The lid was rusted into holes, Joe only smiled, therefore, sorrowfully, knowing what the end must be. When the box was opened the deed fell from it, a heap of powdered dust, which a puff of wind blew over the hearth.

Joe put his hand on his brother's head: "My poor lad! You have lost your place in the world, after all."

But Leonard's face had a brightness which it had not learned when he was a

"I lost it for many years, but I came

to it again to-night. He was silent for a little while. "You found the fortune long ago, Joe, he said: and he drew Winny's hand closer in his own, looking out from the warm home into the quiet nature behind which God was waiting.

A Dangerous Symptom. Miss Sharpe-And if you'll pardon the Ilerty of a friend, how much does the prince require you to settle on him!

Miss Budd-None at all. He says he doesn't want my fortune-he loves me for myself. "But you'd better not marry in haste, dear. You know insanity occasionally crops out in these royal families."—Boston Times.



"Do you think your sister likes to have me come here, Jamey?"
"You bet. You take her to the the-a-tre

and bring her candies." "I'm glad I can make her hat py.

"Yes, and the young feller what she's engaged to don't mind it either, for it saves him that much money toward going to house Usually the Case.

Miss Edith-There is that Mr. Simsonby I don't know just what to make of him. Edith's Father—Oh, you'll make a husband of him, I reckon.-Detroit Free Press

Looking for News.

P.—Find anything in the paper!
G.—No; I was just 'amoing over it to see anybody I knew ... been born.—From if anybody I knew the German, in Texas Siftings.

Proof of me Blade. Customer-Don't you call that a dull razor! Barber-It can't berry dull, sah. I cut frew a man's coat, vest and shirt with it last

THE CHEROKEE OUTLET.

NCIDENTS AND PROMINENT MEN . IN CHEROKEE HISTORY.

The Latest Phase of the So Called "Cher okee Question"-It Has Come Up at Regular Intervals for Over a Century, with Continuous Changes.

vision of parties among the Indians—one for giving up their peculiar organization, divid-ing their lands in severalty and becoming ordinary American citizens; the other for uniting all the civilized tribes into one "Nation" and maintaining their comparative iso-

The most conservative, however, admit that "lands in severalty" and citizenship must eventually come—"it is but a question of time," they say, "but we do not want to be pushed; give us time to prepare for it." And the most radical admit that the conservatives are doing much to prepare; schools, churches and newspapers are fairly abundant, and the progress of the Cherokees in education and property is quite encouraging. But, say the conservatives, if we cease to hold land in common, assign a farm to each family and allow white men to settle on the rest, the poorer class of Indians will soon lose their farms, "contriving white men will get most of the land, and as soon as they have a majority in the new state they will oppress us in a thousand ways by petty exactions and intricate laws. Give us more time."

And this has been the plea of the Cherokee

since 1785, when they made their first treaty with the new American republic. At the close of the revolutionary war a large num ber of those people in North and South Caroline who were stigmatized as Tories, but are more politely referred to in British history a "United Empire Loyalists," crossed the mountains and located among the Cherokees They were men of ability and good character, largely Scotch in blood and Presbyterian in churches in "Cherokee Georgia," and with their aid the aiready progressive Cherokees progressed so rapidly that by 1805 they had a tolerably well organized government, with written laws. May 6, 1817, delegates from fifty-four towns convened, and a written constitution was adopted. Ever since the Cherokees have been a "nation." The white man pressed upon them and

they began to move westward. Then came their wrongs and poets sang of their primi-tive virtues. It ended in the expulsion of all the tribe from Georgia and adjacent states and in 1839 they reorganized their nation in the Indian territory. From the Tennessee in Carolina to the Tennessee in Alabama the local names testify of their former presence-Chickamanga and Chattanooga, Etowah and Connesauga, Kenesaw and Oostenaula. Since their first treaty with the United States after the constitution was adopted—it bears the honored signature of George Washington— they have ceded 81,000,000 acres of land and have but 7,000,000 left. Yet the clamorous cry of the white man is for "more!"

In 1860 the 12,000 Cherokees formed, per haps, the richest rural community in the United States. It was estimated that their live stock, at current rates, would have amounted to \$17,000 for each family. Their invested funds for their lands returned an insufficient for schools and colleges. war left them with nothing but the bare land. Their stock had been driven into Kansas and Texas-"jaybawked," "confiscated," if



Confederate States, they were held to have forfeited their rights as against the United States. But the government restored their former status to a considerable extent, by the general treaty of 1806—the twentieth between them and the United States. From that era dates a new political division among them. The government reserved the right to settle other tribes along their western border. They had long followed the custom of adopt-ing fragments of other tribes, and now no less than sixteen other stocks are represented in the "Cherokee Nation," from the Shawnees of Canada, down through the Senecas, Mi amies, Quawpaws, Delawares and Wyandottes, to feeble remnants of Mingoes, Caddoes and Kickapoos.

Long experience with white negotiators has developed among them some of the shrewdest diplomats in the world.

Ex-Chief J. W. Bushykend, who has long represented them at Washington, is a match for any white man (he is of mixed blood) in discretion and political skill. He belongs to what is called the "National" party—that is, be wasts all the tribes in the Indian territory to combine in one government and maintain their separate nationality till they develop a state. He owns a fine cotton plantation

Joel B. Mayes, now principal chief of the nation, is a native of Georgia, but went to the territory in his youth. He served with distinction in the Confederate army, rising to the rank of major. He is opposed to the sale of the "Outlet" lands, and insists that the council has no power to sell them under the constitution; the people must vote an amendment to that effect before it can be

The Cherokee government, like those of the Crocks, Seminoles and Choctaw-Chickasaws, is republican in form; the executive is called principal chief, his vice second chief, the upper bouse of the council is called the bouschiefs, and the lower the house of warriors, In practice, however, the people often call them by their corresponding names in state governments. Among the chiefs (senators) a very prominent man is the venerable William P. Ross, who was born in Georgia in 1829 and received an English education at Greenville, Tenn. He then entered Princeton col lege, N. J., and graduated with high bonors. One of his classmates was George H. Boker, snce minister to Russia, and another was Rev. Dr. Cravens, of Newark, N. J. Re

favors selling the "Outlet," but insists on a higher price than the government new offers. Another senator who is in favor of nego-tiating and selling if a good price can be had is Stanley Gray, of the Canadian district, and his influence is very great. An extremely popular senator with all factions is Judge R. M. Wolf, of the Going Snake district. He speaks with equal fluency in English and Cherokee, He is an able lawyer and is relied on to influence the full bloods on account of his intimate knowledge of their language and soutiments. He is for selling at a good price. W. P. Henderson, of the Delaware district, made his campaign on the distinct impe that the

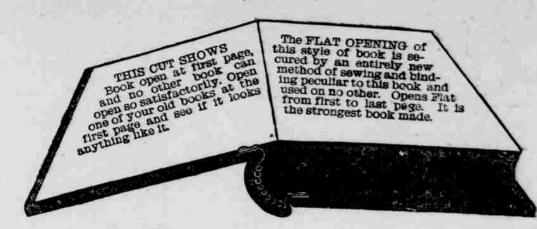
FLAT - OPENING - BLANK - BOOK

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The opening of Oklahoma, and the movement to buy the so called Cherokee outlet have brought the Cherokees once more before the country, and there is the usual dividual vision of parties among the Indians—one for wision of parties among the Indians—one for the country, and there is the usual dividual vision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of parties among the Indians—one for more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book wision of the sewing and binding than a book wision of the last parties are the sewing the last parties are the last parties and the last parties are the l

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"Outlet" should be sold, was decied by a good | quarter blood. majority, and therefore speaks with the assurance of a man with a fixed constituency behind him. The other senator from that dis the hope and the pride of the race. John Ross, who was chief executive of the



CHOP JUSTICE SCALES SENATOR HERDERSON, Sation for forty years. Lie served through the war in the Federal army. It will be observed that some of these men show very

little trace of Indian features, and it is a curious fact that there are Cherokse families of pure Caucasian blood, which have yet been in the nation for many generations. Some are descendants of children exptured in the carriest wars with the whites, some of misonaries who settled in the tribe early in the Eighteenth century, and many more of the Tories above mentioned. But many who seem pure Casemenan have considerable in dian blood, and children of the same family are every year at least this boot will often vary from the extreme Cancarian type are every year at load to indian features as defined as those of a repairt.—Rome Letter.

ey of American Indians. They are, in fact, trict, Hooley Bell, is also in favor of selling.

The officials of the nation are also men of permanent Indian state, then none of the ability. The Hon. Joseph A. Scales, chief race can. But no race can be suddenly civiljustice, is 57 years of age, was educated at most more can pass from barbarism to a Cherokee schools, and served through the war scaple condition of enlightenment, with in the Confederate army. The treasurer, ability to maintent it, in less than ten genera-Robert Ross, is a grandson of the famous pions. There must be time for the internal organism to slowly change to as to mainta harmony with the improvement in externals.
Otherwise the too rapid inflow of impressions e) unprepared nerve centers breaks them down. Force a race like the Kanakas or

> between primitive man and civilized man in one generation, and you will kill the racethat is, unless it revolts and reverts to mvagory.
> The Cocrokees have in two centuries traversed at least three-fourths of the way, be-tween the red man of the forest and the whole man of village, farm and city. The Anglo-Earner were at least five contarios in tra-suing the came. Many good comous are of-fered why the Cherokees should be granted more time and their whole country not yet thrown open to white settlement. If they can induce all the civilized tribes to combine,

and by degrees adopt and civilize other tribe, the world may yet see an aboriginal comme-mity of some hundreds of thousands develop a high-civilization—a programive and pros-perous "state of Okiahoma.". A New MILHARY Boot.

In the Italian military boot factories a recently invented leather boot, named the Antosandalo, is being made at pres ent in considerable quantities with a view to its being thoroughly tested in the army. The beels and soles of this new bost are not stitched on, but riveted to the uppers in such a way that, if the beels are worn down on one side, they can be easily taken off, turned round and secured again in their new position. Worn soles can be removed in the same manner and new once quickly fixed on. save every year at least 10 per cent. in

Swedish Christmas Costoms The Christmas tree is a city custom I do not give it credit for any antiquity,

It is probably not more than a hundred years old or so, unless in the Harts countains, whence it comes, I think, The northern peasants have, though, the custom of placing en a pole or stake on the roofs of their granaries at Christmas time a shock of grain, usually barley. This is left for the sparrows till the weather and the kirds have destroyed it entirely. They also leave portions of porridge around the house for the mice. The mice, you know, was the household fury of eiden time. As to the special Christmas dishes, I know of none the Swedes busides curious boar shaped cakes, excepting that they always eat rice boiled in milk and drink mjod, a liquid made from honey, which I certainly wouldn't care to drink at any other time. The eating of rice must be comparatively modern, of course, but it is a custom now.-New York Letter.

